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Constraining Love.

Thy love, O Christ, constrains us;
It bears our souls away,
As bounds a vessel onward,
'Neath some strong breeze's sway.

Or as the flooded river
Sweeps down to Ocean's tide,
The barks that on its bosom
In sunshine gleam and glide.

It needs no stern compulsion
To urge our steps along;
Thy service is our pleasure,
Thy statutes are our song.

No danger can deter us,
No glittering lures detain,
From following Him who loved us
And died and rose again.

—Rev. James G. Small, in Christian Leader.

Field Echoes.

There are some periods in every life that the individual assisted by memory lives over again and again. Such will be my experience relative to my sojourn among our dear brethren in Iowa. There is a commendable zeal characteristic of nearly all. At Dallas, where there were but 11 members, they built a nice little church with an alcove. The minister preaches each Lord's day without support and paid considerable toward the church besides working for several weeks, doing the mechanical labor of the building. His name is Noah Flora and has by some means been left out of our ministerial list in the *Annual*. The Waterloo brethren in turn finding out the faith and zeal of this little devoted band, began at once to substantially assist them; by this means I was sent to dedicate their house, and our good old Bro. Cain of Hudson, accompanied me to help me out when the "collection" was taken which he did to the joy of the Dallas church. There is a bright future for this little vine of the Lord's "right hand planting." Bro. Bashor writes me that he intends to give them a revival which I am sure will bring in many of the good intelligent people of the place who ask for the Gospel only. To "provoke some of our younger brethren to good works," I shall notice here that notwithstanding the weather was very cold and the roads quite rough the evening of the Hudson feast, yet brother "Joe" Forney, aged 74 years, walked 9 miles to attend and the greater part of that distance in returning from the feast. At this communion I saw another interesting incident twin brothers (the Mishler brothers) washing one another's feet.

There were several families that I did not get to visit, among others that I surely wanted to visit was Bro. Jerry Peck's; but the weather became so extremely cold and I did not have an Iowa overcoat. I regret not buying one of them for the east, as the mercury has nestled down nearly as low in Indiana as in Iowa. These coats are of antiquity, the same kind that clothed Adam and Eve—*skins of animals*. Many heart-felt thanks for the kindness shown me in all the homes I visited: especially to my host and hostess near the Enon church, Mr. and Mrs. D. F. Hoover. They ought to be in the church but for some reason, that I fear will not stand a critical test, are not. We hope to say soon Bro. and sister Hoover we are one, the great influence of life. I arrived in my Indiana field of work. Found all well and we renewed associations with a degree of pleasure. Filled the regular appointments at Milford and Nappanee. At the latter place a G. B. minister, Bro. Wm. Reed united with us. In looking over the G. B. Almanac I find his address to be Etna Green, Ind. Did not have opportunity to talk much with him. The cause in Ind. is promising but we do need more efficient ministers here. I have been making pastoral visits for over a week among the membership of Milford. The S. S. at this place is a marvel; organized a few weeks ago by the side of two schools of long standing in the town. Last Sunday there were 136 scholars. Class collections are as much as $3.00 of a Sabbath. *More Anon.*

R. F. MALLOTT.

Milford, Ind., Jan. 6, 1887.

Masontown, Pa.

Since my last letter I have been with my brother and sister, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Sterling. My two sisters, Chat and Belle, and I closed our schools for the holidays. Deeming this an opportunity for renewing friendships, we left home for Johnstown. Being kindly received at the depot by our dear brother, we felt that we were welcome indeed. One needs not be told that he is welcome in order to know that his coming brings joy. We came home better prepared for the duties of a school room.

Johnstown is certainly a desirable place in which to live. As much as I saw of the town and people was agreeable to me. The Brethren church there has working members. They are not trying merely to get themselves into heaven, but also have a wish to guide others into that quiet haven. I was permitted to attend Wednesday evening prayer meeting, from which I derived much good. On Sunday we went to church both morning and evening. I had the pleasure of listening to Bro. Adams who performs the work of his Master with that earnestness of soul which only a faithful servant can do. In the evening I heard once more the familiar voice of my brother. The house was different, the people strange, but the tones were not. I have been home one week now, still I can recall that Sunday evening two weeks since when I passively listened to him whom I had not heard for many days. The strangeness around me gave to it a tinge of ideality, making a strange comingling of joy and sadness. But I am keeping you waiting. We visited the "Sisters' Aid Society." By the way, it could not be called a visit either; for they gave me work to do. This made me feel that I was born for labor and not for love, but my feelings were not taken into consideration by these industrious, Christian women. Well, this society forms one successful means of raising money in a truly commendable way. The noble sisters meet once a week under the control of a President, Vice President, Secretary and Treasurer. The hours from 7 in the evening till 10 o'clock, P. M., are devoted to the different kinds of needle work. They solicit work, and for this they make a fair charge. When there is not enough sewing to keep them employed, they purchase goods, make it into something salable, thereby realizing a profit. The money thus derived is used for the benefit of the church as the society may see proper.

We must be satisfied with saying we enjoyed ourselves among Cobaughs, Crawfords, Replogles and others, as well as with our brother and sister. Come to our home. You are welcome.

M. M. STERLING.

Jan. 8th.

Cambria, Ind.

I take my pen to write a few lines to satisfy the minds of a great many of our readers. I wrote a piece for the paper some time ago and the printers made a mistake in my name, it should have been O. H. C. instead of being L. H. C. as they had it.

On the 12th day of Dec. last, Rev. Fafe tried to settle the disturbance that was made in the church affairs. He took for his text a passage of scripture found in the book of Genesis, 13 chapter and 8, 9, 10 verses. Being a minister of the gospel I did not think that he would go back to the Old Testament to bring up proof. We have got the New Testament scriptures for our guide. The Old Testament scripture is a thing of the past. We must go to the New Testament for our guide. Let us turn to the book of James, 3 chapter from the first verse to the 18 verse. We need only read that one chapter, but the whole book of James is a very important book to study and practie. O[ur] great trouble with us we do not read and put in practice [the] scripture enough. If we did there would be no trouble in h[av]ing all good neighbors, good [so]ciety, good moral men and [wo]men.

Bro. Ditch preach[ed] for us on the 18th and 19th o[f] this month, at the Needmore [school] house. He is a good sp[eak]er. He gave us three good [ser]mons, and on Monday even[ing] he preached at Edna Mills, Indiana. We will try to get Bro. Ditch to preach for us on[ce] a year if he can make the ar[range]ments. He is an earne[st] worker in the cause of Chri[st]. He will be with us i[n] for[ur] weeks from last Sab[bath] again.

We saw in the Ev[angelist] that Bro. R. F. Mallo[tt was] going home. We thou[ght he would] come through her[e. We would] be glad to see h[im and hear him] talk upon the [theme of glory.]

O. H. CROUSE.

Virginia Notes.

The Annual is a complete synoptical history of the Brethren church for the past ecclesiastical year. Though somewhat condensed, yet it is large enough for the purpose. The projector of it deserves much credit, as every important event in the year of the church is noted. The deaths of many of the members recorded, is another important addition. To one who is as much interested, as I, in the history of the events of the church it is invaluable.

WAITING FOR THE TRAIN.

Bro. J. B. Wampler, of Pa., some weeks ago had an article styled, "Waiting." He was fortunate enough to be in waiting, while some others have been so unfortunate as to be left. But lo, how many will not be waiting or even ready when God's train comes along! How many believe Satan by him telling them that there is plenty of time, when there remains only a very limited time to prepare for the death messenger.

Again I ask how many of us will be ready and waiting when death knocks at our door? Some of us, I fear, will not in the least be expecting it; some of us will not have our tickets; some of us will have counterfeits, and a great many of us will have our tickets for the wrong station or destiny, while all these and any others who have not the true and genuine ticket of the Lord Jesus Christ will be left standing on the brink of eternal perdition as the train dashes away on its journey heaven-ward. Oh, what a sad thought! Left, left forever. Few will be in waiting, many will be unprepared or not ready.

Sometimes when we are a little late for a train, we may wait for the next one, but not so with death's train; there will be only one train, and those who fail to be ready and waiting will be left, left forever. Let us be reading. Let us be waiting.

[I]n waiting for a railroad train, h[a]ve you ever seen a child in the arms or about the feet of its parents when the monster engine comes up with its fearful noise, how the little one hugs close to its parents? They trust themselves wholly to their parents, thinking if they are in their parent's arms or very close about them, they are safe, perfectly safe. They believe themselves safe when in their parent's arm, always believing that on safe ground. However, I have known parents to have been on very unstable grounds.

Now our heavenly Parent certainly occupies safe ground, if there is safe ground anywhere; and if we have true faith in Christ Jesus, the very gates of hell shall not prevail against us; nor nothing in heaven, on earth, under the earth or in hell can separate us from the love of God. Then we should cling close to Him at all times for we can not tell how soon an apparent disaster may befall us, and then if we have Christ by us we are safe, very safe. But if we should have strayed away when disaster come, then we may be lost.

BELOW ZERO.

Many of us are watching Fahrenheit's thermometer these cold mornings to see how low it registers the weather. And many of us are careful, too, not to venture out but little when the mercury falls below zero.

Now it would be a good idea for us to watch our spiritual thermometers to see the temperature they indicate. Sometimes our spiritual thermometer falls gradually, so gradual that we seem to have but little care about the condition of the spirit. Then sometimes it falls suddenly to the freezing point, and zero and even below that. Sometimes it falls while at our home, some times when away from home at cold worldy places; but wherever it may be and whatever may be the cause, we should seek warmer places. We should not expose ourselves to such cold places, and even if we live in a cold climate spiritually, we should keep in doors if we are not spiritually warm ourselves, and invite God to warm our homes; and those who are warm spiritually go out and rebuke the coldness.

Our spiritual thermometer should be watched closer than it is. We should see that it never falls as low as zero, and never, never below.

We all know that the spirit is hard to raise when once it become cold and falls low. Many times the spiritual mercury falls so low that it never rises; notwithstanding all the sunshine possible upon it. It becomes kind of benumbed and seems to have no feeling whatever. In fact it seems to look for all the cold places possible, and when it registers blood-heat with others, it is at the freezing point with this bedumbed spirit. Let us then not let our spiritual thermometers fall to or below zero, for I have known persons to freeze stiff, dead in such weather.

G. A. COPP.

Fisher's Hill, Va.

Louisville, Ohio.

We expected J. W. Smouse, of Vinco, Pa., to be with us and preach for us on the 8th and 9th inst. Bro. Keim, our pastor, went to the station at train time in fond hopes of meeting Brother Smouse, and to escort him to his home where his wife, Sister Keim had prepared a nice dinner, and a good warm stove in the parlor, and was waiting for them. But the train came without brother S. So pastor Keim, having looked around and not seeing the man he was looking for, of course felt a little disappointed, but tried to console himself with the thought that the brother had only missed the train and would come on the evening train. The mail brought a card from brother Smouse, stating that he could not be here at the appointed time for the reason that he was engaged in a glorious revival meeting at home, and would do the cause injustice. Bro. and sister Keim went to church as usual, and at 7 o'clock he stepped in the pulpit, to the surprise of the greater part of the congregation. He gave us a very good sermon, and we all felt that it was good to be there.

C. CLAPPER.